Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I will keepe ſtill, with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord ſooth him, let him take the fellow.

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra come on, go along with vs.

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Gloſt. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was ſtill fye, fo, and fum,
I ſmell the bloud of a Britiſh man.

Enter Cornwall and Baſtard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus giues way to loyalty, ſome-thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euil diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death, but a prouoking merit, ſet a worke by a reproueable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the Letter he ſpoke off, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens, that his treaſon were, or not I the detecter.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloceſter*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt finde a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter, Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be

be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his
the Gods deſerue your kin

Edg. *Fretereto* cals me, an
of darkneſſe, pray innocent

Foole. Prethee Nunckle t
Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King, t
ſpits come hiſſing in vpon th

Edg. The foule fiend bites

Foole. Hee's mad that tr
horſes health, a boyes loue, o

Lear. It ſhall be done, I wi
Come ſit thou heere moſt le
Thou ſapient ſir, ſit heere, no

Edg. Looke where he ſtan
all madam, come ore the bro

Foole. Her boat hath a leak
Why ſhe dares not come ou

Edg. The foule fiend haunts
ingale, Hoppedance cries in
Croke not blacke Angell, I h

Kent. How do you ſir? ſt
downe and reſt vpon the Cuſ

Lear. Ile ſee their triall firſt
bed man of iuſtice take thy p
quity, bench by his ſide, you

Ed. Let vs deale juſtly, ſleep
Thy ſheepe bee in the corne,
mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall take

Lear. Arraigne her firſt, tis
this honourable aſſembly ſhe

Foole. Come hither Miſtreſ

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Foole. Cry you mercy, I too

Lear. And heres another wh
What ſtore her heart is made

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